PRAYERS
STIRRYNG THE
mynd vnto heauen-
lye medytacions
collected oute
of holy wor-
kes by the
mooste
ver-
tuous and gracious prin-
cesse Katherine quene of
Englande, Fraunce,
and Irelande.
Anno domini
1545.

Colloſſ. iii.

¶ If ye be riſen agayne with CHRISTE, ſeeke the thynges. which ar aboue, whet CHRIST ſitteth on the right hand of god. Set your affection on thynges that are aboue: and not on thinges, whiche are on the earthe.

MOste benynge lord Jesu, grãt me thy grace, that it may alway worke in me, and persewer with me vnto the ende.

Graunte me, that I may euer desyre and wille that whiche is moste pleasaunte, and moste acceptable to the.

Thy will be my wille, and my will be to folowe alway thy wil.

Let there be alwaye in me one wille, and one desire with the. & that I haue no desire to will, or not to will, but as thou wilte.

Lorde, thou knoweste what thynge is moste profytable and and moste expedient for me.

Gyue therfore what thou wilt, as much as thou wilt, and whan thou wilt.

Doe with me what thou wilt, as it shall please the, and as shal be most to thyne honour.

Put me where thou wilte, and freely do with me in all thynges after thy will.

Thy creature I am, and in thy handes, lede and turne me where thou wilte.

Lo, I am thy seruaunt, readye to all thynges that thou comandest: for I desire not to liue to my selfe, but to the.

Lorde Iesu, I praye the grant me grace, that I neuer sette my herte on the thynges of this worlde, but that all worldly and carnall affeccions maie vtterlye dye and be mortifyed in me.

Graunt me aboue all thinges, that I maie rest in the, and fully quiete

quiete and pacifie my hert in the.

For thou lord, art the very true peace of hert, & the perfeit rest of the soule: and without the, all thinges be greuous & vnquiet.

My lorde Jesu, I beseche the, be with me in euerye place, and at all tymes, and lette it be to me a speciall solace, gladly for thy loue to lacke all worldly solace.

And if thou withdraw thy comfort frome me at any tyme, kepe me, O lorde, from desperacion, and make me paciently to abyde thy wyll and ordinaunce.

O lord Jesu, thy iudgementes bee rightuouse, and thy prouidence is much better for me, thā al that I can imagine or deuise.

Wherefore do with me in all thinges as it shal please the: for

it maie not be but wel, all that thou doest.

If thou wilt that I be in light, be thou blessed: if thou wilt I be in darknesse, be thou also blessed.

If thou voucheſafe to comfort me, be thou highly blessed: if thou wilt I liue in trouble, and without comforte, be thou likewyse euer blessed.

Lord, gyue me grace gladly to suffre what soo euer thou wilte shall fal vpon me, and pacientlye to take at thy hande good and badde, bitter and swete: ioy and sorowe: and for all thinges that shall befalle vnto me, hertilye to thanke the.

Kepe me lorde from synne, and I shall then neither dread death nor hell.

O what

O what thankes oughte I to gyue vnto the, whiche haste suf-fered the greuouse deathe of the Crosse, to delyuer me frome my synnes, & to obteyn euerlasting life for me?

Thou gauest vs moste perfect example of pacience, fulfillinge and obeyinge the will of thy fa-ther euen vnto the deathe.

Make me wretched sinner, obe diently to vse my selfe after thy wil in all thynges, and pacient-ly to beare the bourden of this corruptible lyfe.

For though this life be tedi-ous, and as an heuy burdein to my soule: yet neuertheless tho-roughe thy grace, and by exam-ple of the, it is nowe made much more easy, and comfortable then

it was before thy incarnacion & passyon.

Thy holy life is our waye to the, and by folowynge of the, we walke to the, that arte oure head and sauior: And yet except thou haddest gone before, & shewed vs the waye to euerlasting life, who woulde endeuour hym selfe to folow the: seynge we be yet so slow and dull, hauyng the light of thy blessed example and holy doctrine to leade and direct vs.

O lorde Jesu, make that possible by grace, that is impossible to me by nature.

Thou knoweste well, that I maye litle suffre, and that I am anone cast downe and ouerthrowen with a litle aduersitie: wher

fore

foꝛe I beſeche the, O loꝛde, to ſtrengthen me with thy ſpyrite, that I may willingly ſuffre foꝛ thy ſake al maner of trouble and affliction.

Loꝛde, I will knowlage vnto the, all mine vnrightuouſneſſe, and I wyll confeſſe to the all the vnſtableneſſe of my herte.

Oftentimes a veray litle thing troubleth me ſoꝛe, and maketh me dull and ſlow to ſerue the.

And ſometyme I purpoſe to ſtand ſtrongly, but whan a litle trouble cometh, it is to me great anguiſhe and grief, & of a right litle thing riſeth a greuous tẽptacion to me.

Yea when I thinke my ſelfe to be ſure and ſtrong, and that (as it ſemeth) I haue ỹ vpper hand:

ſodenly

sodenly I feele my selfe ready to fall with a littell blaste of temptacion.

Behold therfore good lord, my weakenes, and consider my frailnesse, beste knowen to the.

Haue mercy on me, and delyuer me from all iniquitie and synne, that I be not intãgled therwith

Oftentimes it greueth me sore, and in maner confoundethe me, that I am so vnstable, so weake, and so frail in resistynge synfull mocions.

Which although they draw me not alway to consent, yet neuer the lesse they? assaultes be verey greuouse vnto me.

And it is tedious to me, to liue in suche battayle, albeit I perceiue that suche battaile is not vnprofi=

vnprofitable vnto me. For ther-
by I knowe the better my selfe,
and mine owne infirmities, and
that I must seeke helpe onely at
thy handes.

O lorde god of Israell, the lo-
uer of al faithful soules, vouch-
safe to behold the labour and so-
row of me thy poore creature.

Assiste me in all thynges with
thy grace, & so strength me with
heauenly strength, that neither
my cruell enempe the fende, nei-
ther my wretched flesshe (which
is not yet subiecte to the spirite)
haue victory or dominion ouer
me.

O what a lyfe may this be cal-
led, where no trouble nor misery
lacketh: where euery place is ful
of snares of mortall ennemies?

For

For one trouble or temptacion ouer passed, an other commeth by and by, and the firste conflict yet durynge, a newe battaile sodenly ariseth.

Wherfore, lorde Jesu, I pray the, geue me the grace to rest in the aboue all thynges, and to quiete me in the aboue all creatures: aboue all glorie and honour, aboue al dignitie & power, aboue al cunning and policie: aboue al helth and beautie, aboue all riches and treasure: aboue al ioy and pleasure: aboue al fame and praise: aboue all myrthe and consolacion that mans hert may take or feele besides the.

For thou lorde god, arte beste, moste wyse, moste high, moste mightie, most sufficiēt, and moste full

full of all goodnes, moſte ſwete, and moſt cõfo⁊table, moſte faire, moſt louing, moſte noble, moſte glo⁊ious, in whom all goodnes moſte perfectly is.

And therefo⁊e what ſo euer I haue beſide the, it is nothing to me: fo⁊ my hert may not reſte, ne fully be pacified but onely in the

O lo⁊de Jeſu, moſte louinge ſpouſe, who ſhall gyue me wtnges of perfect loue, that I mate flye vp frome theſe wo⁊ldly myſeries, and reſte in the?

O when ſhall I aſcend to the, and ſee, & feele howe ſwete thou arte?

Whan ſhal I holly gather my ſelfe in the, ſo perfectly, that I ſhall not fo⁊ thy loue feele my ſelf, but the only aboue my ſelf, &

aboue

aboue all worldly thynges, that thou maiest vouchesafe to visite me in suche wise, as thou doeste visite thy moste faythful louers.

Now I often mourne and complayne of the miseryes of this life, and with sorow, and greate heauynesse suffre them.

For many thinges happen daily to me, which often times trouble me, make me heauy, and darken myne vnderstandyng.

They hinder me greatly, and putte my mynd from the, and so encoumbre me many waies, that I can not freely, and clerely desyre the, ne haue thy swete consolacions, which with thy blessed saintes be alwaie present.

I beseche the lorde Jesu, that the syghynges and inwarde desires

sires of my herte may moue and incline the to here me.

O Jesu, kynge of euerlasting glory, the ioy and comfort of all christen people, that ar wãdring as pylgrims in the wildernes of this world: my hert crieth to the by stille desires, and my silence speketh vnto the and saith: how longe taryeth my lorde god to come to me?

Come, O lorde, and visite me, for withoute the I haue no true ioye, withoute the, my soule is heuy and sadde.

I am in prison, and bound with fetters of sorowe, tyll thou, O lord, with thy gracious presence vouchesafe to vysite me, and to bryng me againe to libertie and ioy of spirite, and to shew thy fa-

uourable

uourable countenance vnto me.

Open my herte lorde, that I maie behold thy lawes, & teache me to walke in thy commandementes.

Make me to know and folowe thy will, and to haue alwaies in my remembrance thy manyfolde benefyttes, that I maie yeld due thankes to the for them.

But I knowlage and confesse for trouthe, that I am not able to gyue the cõdigne thankes for the least benefit that thou haste gyuen me.

O lorde, al giftes and vertues that any man hathe in body or soule, naturall or supernatural, be thy gyftes, and come of the, and not of our selfe, and they declare the great riches of thy mer

cy

cy and goodneſſe vnto vs.

And though ſome haue mo gif-tes than other, yet they all pro-cede from the, and without the, the leaſte can not be had.

O lord, I account it for a great benefit, not to haue many world ly giftes, wherby the laude and prayſe of men might blynde my ſoule, and decepue me.

Lorde, I knowe, that no man ought to be abaſſhed or myſcon-tent, that he is in a lowe eſtate in this worlde, and lacketh the pleſures of this lyfe: but rather to be glad and reioyce thereat.

For ſo muche as thou haſt cho-ſen the poore and meke perſons, and ſuche as are deſpiſed in the worlde, to be thy ſeruantes and familiar frendes.

Wytneſſe be thy bleſſed Apoſtels, whome thou madeſt chiefe paſtours and ſpirituall gouernours of thy flocke, whyche departed frome the counſail of the Jewes, reioiſing that they were counted woꝛthy to ſuffre rebuke foꝛ thy name.

Euen ſo, O loꝛde, graunt, that I thy ſeruaunt maie be as well content to be taken as the leaſt, as other bee to be greatiſt, and that I be as wel pleaſed to be in the loweſt place, as in the hyeſt, and as glad to be of no reputacion in the woꝛlde foꝛ thy ſake, as other are to be noble & famous.

Loꝛd, it is the woꝛk of a perfect mã, neuer to ſequeſter his minde frõ the, and among many woꝛldly cares to go withoute care: not

not after the maner of an ydle or a dissolute person, but by the prerogatiue of a free mynde, alway minding heauenly thinges, and not cleauing by inordinate affection to any creature.

I beseche the therfore my lorde Iesu, kepe me from the superfluouse cares of this worlde, that I be not inquieted with bodily necessities, ne that I be not taken with the voluptuous pleasures of the worlde, ne of the flesche.

Preserue me from al thynges, which hindereth my soule helth, that I be not ouerthrowen with them.

O lorde god, which art swetenes vnspeakable, turne into bytternes to me al worldly and flesshly delites, whyche mought draw

me from the loue of eternal thin ges, to loue of ſhoꝛt and vile ple ſures.

Let not fleſhe and bloude ouer comme me, ne yet the woꝛld with his vayngloꝛy deceyue me, noꝛ the fend with his manifold craf= tes ſupplant me: but giue me goſtely ſtrengthe in reſiſtinge theim, pacience in ſuffring theim, and conſtance in perſeuering to the ende.

Geue me, foꝛ all woꝛldly delec= tacions, the moſt ſwete conſola= cion of thy holy ſpirite, and foꝛ all fleſhely loue indue my ſoule with feruent loue of the.

Make me ſtronge inwardly in my ſoule, and caſte out therof al vnpfitable cares of this woꝛld, that I be not ledde by vnſtable

deſires

desyres of earthly thinges, but that I maie repute all thynges in this worlde (as they be) transitory, and sone vanishing awai, and my self also with them, drawing towarde mine ende.

For nothynge vnder the sonne may longe abide, but all is vanitie and affliction of spirite.

Geue me lorde therfore heuenly wysedome, that I maie lerne to seke, and finde the, and aboue all thynges to loue the.

Geue me grace to withdrawe me from theym that flatter me, and pacientlye to suffre theym, that vniustely greue me.

Lord, whan temptacion or tribulacion cometh, voucheſake to succour me, that all may tourne to my goostly comfort, & paciētly

to suffre, and alway to saye, Thy name be blessed.

Lorde, trouble is nowe at hande, I am not well, but I am greately vexed with this presente affliction. O moste glorious father, what shall I doo? anguishe and trouble are on euery syde, helpe nowe I beseche the in this howre, thou shalte be lauded and praised, whan I am perfectly made meke before the, and whanne I am clerely delyuered by the.

Maie it therfore please the to deliuer me, for what may I moste synfull wretche do? or whither maie I go for socour but to the?

Geue me patience now at this time in al my troubles, helpe me lord god, and I shal not feare ne dreade

dreade, what troubles so euer fall vppon me.

And now what shal I say but that thy will be done in me: I haue deserued to be trobled and and grieued: and therfore it behoueth, that I suffre as long as it pleaseth the.

But wold to god, that I might suffre gladly, tyll the furious tempestes were ouerpassed, and that quietnesse of herte myght come again.

Thy mightie hande lorde, is stronge inough to take this trouble frome me, and to asswage the cruell assaultes therof, that I be not ouercome with theim, as thou haste oftentimes doen before this tyme, that whā I am clerely deliuered by the,

I mate with gladnesse saie: The right hande of him that is hyghest, hath made this chaunge.

Lorde graunt me thy singular grace, that I may come thether, where no creature shall let me, ne kepe me frome the perfeit beholding of the.

For as longe as any transitory thing kepeth me backe, or hath rule in me, I mate not freely ascende to the.

O lorde, without the, nothyng mate longe delite or plese: For if any thinge shuld be liking and sauory, it must be through helpe of thy grace seasoned with the spyce of thy wisedome.

O euerlastyng lyght, far passyng all thynges, sende downe the beames of thy brightnes frō aboue,

aboue, and purifye and lyghten the inwarde partes of my herte.

Quicken my soule and all the powers therof, that it may cleue fast and be ioyned to the in ioyfulle gladnesse of gostely rauishynges.

O, when shal that blessed hour come, that thou shalt visite me, and glad me with thy blessed presence, when thou shalte be to me all in all? verily vntil that time come, there can be no perfect ioy in me.

But alas, myne olde man, that is my carnal affections, liue stil in me, and are not crucified, nor perfitly deade.

For yet striueth the flesche agaynst the spirite, and mouethe gret battail inwardly agaist me,

and

and suffereth not thy kingdome of my soule to lyue in peace.

But thou good lorde, that hast the lordeshyp ouer all, and power of the sea to asswage the rages and surges of the same, aryse and help me, destroy the power of myne enemies, whiche al wates make batayle against me, shewe furth the greatnes of thy goodnesse, and let the power of thy right hād be glorified in me, for ther is to me none other hope nor refuge, but in the onely, my lorde, my god, to the be honour and glory euerlastyng.

O lorde, grant me, that I may wholly resigne my selfe to the, and in al thynges to forsake my selfe, and pacientlye to beare my crosse, and to folowe the.

O lord, what is man, that thou vouchesauest to haue mynde of him: and to visite hym?

Thou arte alwaie one, alway good, alway rightwise and holy, iustly and blessedly disposing al thynges after thy wisedome.

But I am a wretche, and of my selfe alwaie ready and prone to euill, and do neuer abyde in one state, but many tymes do vary and change.

Neuertheless it shall be better with me, whan it shal please the, for thou, O lorde, onely art he, that maiste helpe me, and thou maiest so confirme and stablishe me, that my hert shal not be changed from the, but be surely fixed, and finally reste and be quieted in the.

I am

I am nothyng elles of my selfe but vanitie before the, an vnconstant creature and a feble, and therfore, wherof maie I rightfully glory: or why shoulde I loke to be magnified:

Who so pleaseth hym selfe without the, displeseth the: and he that delyteth in mennes prayesinges, loseth the true prayse before the.

The true prayse is to be praysed of the: And the true ioy is to reioyce in the.

Wherfore thy name (o lord) be praysed, and not myne.

Thy workes be magnified and not myne, and thy goodnesse be alwayes lauded and blessed.

Thou art my glory, and the ioy of my herte, in the shall I glory, and

& reioyce, and not in my ſelf, nor in any worldly honour or dignitie, whyche to thy eternall glory compared, is but a ſhadow and verie vanitie.

O lorde, we lyue here in great darknes, and are ſone deceiued with the vanities of this world, and are ſone greued with a litle trouble: yet yf I coulde beholde my ſelfe wel, I ſhuld plainly ſe, that what troble ſo euer I haue ſuffered, it hath iuſtely commen vppon me becauſe I haue often ſynned, and greuouſly offended the.

To me therfore confuſyon, and diſpite is due: but to the laude, honour, and glorie.

Lord, ſend me help in my troubles, for mannes helpe is lyttell worth

woꝛthe.

How often haue I ben diſpoin-
ted, where I thought I ſhoulde
haue founde frendeſhip: And
howe often haue I founde it,
where as I leaſt thought:

Wherfoꝛe it is a vain thing, to
truſt in man, foꝛ the true truſt &
helthe of man, is onely in the.

Bleſſed be thou loꝛde therfoꝛe
in all thinges, that happeneth
vnto vs: foꝛ we be weke and vn-
ſtable, ſoone diſceyued, and ſone
chaunged from one thyng to an
other.

O loꝛde god, moſte rightuous
iudge, ſtronge and pacient, whi-
che knoweſt the fraitee and ma-
lice of manne, be thou my hole
ſtrēgth and comfoꝛt in al neceſſi-
ties: foꝛ myne owne conſcience

(loꝛde)

(lorde) ſuffiſeth not.

Wherfore to thy mercie I do appeale, ſeyng no man maie be iuſtified ne appere rightuous in thy ſyghte, if thou examine hym after thy iuſtice.

O bleſſed manſion of thy heauenly citie: O moſt cleareſt date of eternitie, whom the night mai neuer darken.

This is the date, alwaie clere and mery, alway ſure, and neuer chaungyng his ſtate.

Would to god this date might ſhortely appere and ſhyne vpon vs, and that this worldely fantaſies were at an ende.

This day ſhineth clerely to thy ſaintes in heuē with euerlaſting brightneſſe, but to vs pilgrims in earthe, it ſhyneth obſcurely,

and

and as thꝛough a mirroure oꝛ glaſſe.

The heauenly citezyns know, how ioyous this day is: but we, outlawes, the chyldꝛen of Eue, wepe and waile the bitter tediouſneſſe of our daye, that is of this pꝛeſent life, ſhoꝛte and euil, full of ſoꝛowe and anguiſhe.

Where man is often tymes defyled with ſyn, encombꝛed with affliction, inquieted with troubles, wꝛapped in cares, buſied with vanities, blinded with errours, ouerchaꝛged with labours, vexed with temptacions, ouercome with vaine delites & pleaſures of the woꝛld, and greuouſely tozmented with penury and nede.

O, when ſhal thende come of al

these miseries?

When shal I be clerely deliuered from the bondage of synne?

When shal I (lord) haue onely mynde on the, and fully be glad and mery in the?

When shall I be free without lettynge, and bee in perfeite libertie withoute grieke of body & soule?

When shal I haue peace withoute trouble? peace within and without? and on euery syde stedfaste and sure?

O lorde Jesu, when shall I stande and behold the? and haue full sight and contemplacion of thy glorie?

When shalt thou be to me al in all? and when shal I be with the in thy kingdom, that thou haste

ordeyned for thyne electe people from the beginnyng?

I am lefte here poore, and as an outlawe, in the lande of mine ennemies, where daily be battailes and great misfortunes.

Comforte myne exile, aswage my sorowe, for all my desyre is to be with the.

It is to me an vnpleasant burdeyne, what pleasure so euer the worlde offereth me here.

I desyre to haue inwarde fruicion in the, but I can not attein therto.

I couette to cleaue fast to heauenly thynges, but worldely affections pluck my mynd downe warde.

I wolde subdue al yuel affections, but they daily rebelle and ryse

ryse ageynste me, and wil not be subiecte vnto my spirite.

Thus I wretched creture fight in my selfe, and am greuouse to my self, whyle my spirite desireth to be vpward, and contrary, my flesche draweth me downewarde.

O, what suffre I inwardly: I go aboute to minde heauenly thinges, and streighte a greate raable of worldely thoughtes rushe into my soule.

Therfore lord, be not longe away, ne depart not in thy wrath from me.

Sende me the lyghte of thy grace, destroye in me all carnall desires.

Sende forthe the hotte flames of thy loue, to burne and consume the cloudie fantasies of my

mynde.

Gather, O lorde, my wittes and the powers of my soule together in the, and make me to dispise all worldly thynges, and by thy grace strongely to resiste and ouercome all mocions and occasions of synne.

Helpe me, thou euerlastynge trouthe, that no worldli gyle nor vanitie hereafter, haue power to deceiue me.

Come also thou heuenly swetenesse, and let al bitternes of syn flee farre from me.

Pardon me, and forgeue me, as ofte as in my praier my mynd is not surely fixed on the.

For many times I am not ther, where I stande or syt: but rather there, whyther my thoughtes carie

carie me.

For there I am, where my thoughte is, and there as customably is my thoughte, there is that that I loue.

And that oftentimes commeth into my mynde, that by custome pleaseth me best, and that delliteth me most to thynke vpon.

Accordyngly as thou doest say in thy gospell: where as a mans treasure is, there is his herte.

Wherefore if I loue heauen, I speke gladly therof, and of suche thinges as be of god and of that that apertayneth to his honour, and to the glorifieng of his holy name.

And if I loue the world, I loue to talke of worldly thinges: and I ioye anone in worldely felici-

tie, and sorowe, and lament sone for worldly aduersitie.

If I loue the flesshe, I imagine oftentimes that pleseth the flesshe.

If I loue my soule, I delite muche to speake and to here of thinges, that be for my soule helthe.

And what so euer I loue, of that I gladly here and speake, and beare the ymages of theym still in my minde.

Blessed is that man, that for the loue of the, lorde, setteth not by the pleasures of this world, & lerneth truely to ouercome hym self, and with the feruour of spirite crucifieth his flesshe, so that in a clene and a pure conscience, he maie offer his prayers to the, and be accepted to haue cõpany

of

of thy blessed aungelles, al erthly thynges excluded frome his herte.

Lord, and holy father, be thou blessed, nowe and euer: for as thou wylte, so is it done, and that thou dooest, is alway beste.

Let me thy humble and vnwor thy seruaunt, ioye onely in the, and not in my selfe, ne in any thyng els beside the.

For thou lord, art my gladnes, my hope, my crowne, and all myne honour.

What hath thy seruaunte, but that he hath of the, and that without his deserte?

All thinges be thyne, thou hast create and made them.

I am poore, and haue been in trouble and peyne euer from my

youth, and my ſoule hath ben in great heuineſſe thꝛough many-folde paſſions, that come of the woꝛlde and of the fleſche.

Wherfoꝛe lorꝺ, I deſyꝛe that I maie haue of the, the ioye of inward peace.

I aſke of the, to come to that reſt, whyche is oꝛdeined foꝛ thy choſen childꝛen, that be fed and nouriſhed with the lighte of heuenly comfoꝛtes: Foꝛ withoute thy helpe, I can not come to the.

Loꝛde geue me peace, geue me inwarde ioye, and then my ſoule ſhalbe full of heauenly melody, and be deuoute and feruente in thy laudes and pꝛaiſynges.

But if thou withdꝛawe thy ſelf from me (as thou haſte ſomtyme doen) than maie not thy ſeruant

ten

ren the waie of thy commande-mentes, as I dyd before.

For it is not with me, as it was, when the lanterne of thy goſtly preſence did ſhine vpon my hed, and I was defended vnder the ſhaddowe of thy wynges frome all perylles and daungers.

O mercifull lord Jeſu, euer to be praiſed, the tyme is come, that thou wilte proue thy ſeruaunte, and ryghtfull is it, that I ſhall now ſuffre ſomewhat for the.

Nowe is the houre commen, that thou haſt knowen from the beginnyng, that thy ſeruant for a tyme ſhulde outwardly be ſette at naught, and inwardly to lene to the.

And that he ſhulde be diſpiſed in the ſyghte of the worlde, and

be broken with affliction, that he may after arise with the in a new lighte, and be clarified and made glorious in thy kingdome of heauen.

O holy father, thou haste ordeined it so to be, and it is done as thou hast commanded.

This is thy grace (O lorde) to thy friende, to suffre hym to bee troubled in this worlde for thy loue, how often so euer it be, and of what person so euer it be, and in what maner so euer thou wilt suffre it to fal vnto him: for with out thy will or sufferaunce what thyng is doen vpon earth?

It is good to me (O lord) that thou haste mekened me, that I maye therby lerne to know thy rightuous iugemētes, & to put

frome

from me all maner of presumption, and statelinesse of herte.

It is veraie profitable for me, that confusion hath couered my face, that I mate learne thereby rather to seke to the for help and succour, then to man.

I haue therby learned to drede thy secrete and terrible iugementes, which scourgest the righteuous with the synner, but not without equitie and iustice.

Lorde, I yelde thankes to the, that thou hast not spared my sinnes, but hast punyshed me with scourges of loue, and haste sent me affliction and anguyshes within and without.

No creature vnder heuen may comforte me but thou (Lorde god) the heuenlie leche of mans soule,

ſoule, whych ſtrikeſt and healeſt, whych bryngeſt a man nygh vnto death, and after reſtoreſt him to life agayne, that he maie therby learne to knowe his owne weakeneſſe and imbeſilitie, and the more fullye to truſte in the (lord.)

Thy diſcipline is layde vpon me, and thy rodde of correction hath taught me, and vnder that rod I holly ſubmitte me.

Strike my back and my bones as it ſhall pleaſe the, and make me to bowe my croked will vnto thy will.

Make me a meeke and an humble diſciple, as thou haſte ſometime done with me, that I maye walke after thy wil.

To the I committe my ſelfe to

be

be corrected: for better it is to be corrected by the here then in time to come.

Thou knowest al thinges, and nothing is hid frome the that is in mans conscience.

Thou knowest all thynges, to come before they fall, and it is not nedeful, that any man teache the, or warne the of any thinge that is done vpon the yearth.

Thou knowest what is profitable for me, and how much tribulacions helpen to pourge away the rust of sinne in me.

Doe with me after thy plesure, I am a synfull wretche, to none so well knowen as to the.

Grant me (lord) that to know, that is necessary to be knowen: that to loue, that is to be loued:

that

that to desire, that pleaseth the: that to regard, that is precious in thy syghte: and that to refuse, that is vyle before the.

Suffre me not to iudge thy misteries after my outwarde senses, ne to gyue sentence after the heryng of the ignorannte, but by true iudgement to discerne thinges spiritual, and aboue al thinges alwaie to serche and folowe thy wyll and pleasure.

O lorde Jesu, thou art all my richesse, and all that I haue, I haue it of the.

But what am I (lorde) that I dare speke to the: I am thy porre creature, and a worme most abiecte.

Behold Lord, I haue nought, and of my selfe I am nought worthe,

worth, thou art onely god, righ-
tuouſe and holy, thou ordereſte
all thinges, thou gyueſt al thin-
ges, and thou fulfylleſt all thin-
ges with goodneſſe.

I am a ſynner, barrein and
voide of godly vertue.

Remembre thy mercies, and fil
my herte with plentye of thy
grace, for thou wilt not that thy
workes in me ſhould be made in
vaine.

Howe maie I beare the miſery
of this lyfe, except thy grace and
mercie dooe comforte me?

Tourne not thy face from me,
deferre not thy viſiting of me, ne
withdraw not thy comfortes, leſt
happely my ſoule be made as
drie earthe without the water of
grace.

Teache

Teache me lorde, to fulfyll thy wylle, to lyue meekely, and worthily before the, for thou arte all my wysedom and cunnyng, thou arte he, that knoweste me as I am, that kneweste me before the world was made, and before I was borne or brought into this lyfe, to the (o lorde) be honoure glorie and prayse for euer and euer Amen.

Laudes deum in eternum Amen.

¶ A prayer for the king.

O LORDE Jesu Christ most hygh, moste myghty, kyng of kynges, lorde of lordes, the onely rular of princis, the veray sonne of god, on whose ryghte hande sittyng, doeste frome thy throne behold al the dwellers vpon yearth: with most lowly hertes we beseche the, vouchsafe with fauourable regarde, to beholde our moste gracious soueraign lord, kyng Hery the eight, and so replenische hym with the grace of thy holy spirite, that he alway incline to thy wil, & walk in thy waie. Kepe him far of frō ignorāce, but through thy gift, let prudence and knowelage alwaie abound in his royall hert:

So instruce hym (O LORDE Jesu) reignyng vpon vs in earth that his humain maiestie, alwai obey thy diuine maiestie in feare and dreade. Indue hym plentyfully with heuenly giftes. Grāt hym in helthe and welth long to lyue. Heape glorye and honoure vpon hym. Glad hym with the ioye of thy countenaunce. So strengthe hym, that he may banquyshe and ouercome al his and our foes, and be dred and feared of all the enemies of his realme. Amen.

¶ A praier for men to say entring into battayle.

O Almyghty kyng and lorde of hoostes, whiche by thy aungelles

ãgels therunto appointed doest minister both warre and peace, & which diddest geue vnto Dauid both courage and strength, beyng but a litle one, vnarmed, & vnexpert in feates of war, with his slyng to sette vpon and ouer throwe the great huge Goliath, our cause now being iust, and being inforced to entre into warre and batatle, we most humbly beseche the (O lorde god of hostes) so to turne the hertes of our ennemies to the desire of peace, that no christen blud be spilt, or els graunt (O lorde) that with small effusion of bloude, and to the litle hurt and domage of innocentis, we maye to thy glory optein victory: and that the warres being sone ended, we may al,

with one herte and mynde, knyt togyther in concorde and vnitie, laude and prayse the, whiche liuest and reignest, worlde without ende. Amen.

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